

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills. —Longfellow.

Vol. 21 No. 29

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, Feb. 5, 1903.

\$1.00 a Year

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Marlinton, W. Va.

All calls promptly answered.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

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DENTIST.

Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

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DENTIST.

Marlinton and Academy, W. Va.
Dentistry practiced in all its
branches. My work is strictly
first-class and guaranteed, terms
reasonable. Examination and
consultation cheerfully given.

From the first to the fifteenth of
each month at Marlinton; Fifteen
th to thirtieth at Academy.

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safe keeping. We sell it free.

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The Home-Sick Child.
I'm thinking of the lane, mother,
At summer eves so cool;
The dandysions in the grass,
And children home from school.

White pebbles in the brook, mother,
The willows bending low;
Where winter berries grow.

The sweater bush close to the gate.

The lily flowers—just one;

And songs you used to sing, mother,

When week-day's work was done.

I want—the quick breaths sudden called

And to the child was given,

Perfection of her every wish—

The Beautiful of Heaven.

A. L. P.
Marlinton, W. Va.

February 1903

NOTES BY THE WAY.

While Saturday afternoon Jan-
uary 24th is remembered by many
at Marlinton as one of the most stormy,
sombre and depressing days of the season, it is not so to be remembered by me personally.

As I was passing along the wall
near the Times' office threading my way through the labyrinth of
horses and mules hitched in sardine fashion, and near enough to be hurtful, I was accosted by a cheery voice and upon looking up saw it was one of my pet Pocahontas boys, coming towards me.

His features radiant with good nature, brightening up still more as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "you are the very man I have been looking for." Then modulating his voice, almost to a whisper, he remarked, by way of explanation, "I want you to come to William McNeill's next Thursday evening, and hook me up."

While I make no claims to being the proverbial wise man, still the laconic phrase "hook me up" was sufficient and arrangements were planned accordingly.

As he turned away and as a parting word, he says, "Now be certain to come, for I expect to be

prompt and unexpected interview, there were some days of

pleasing anticipation on my part, and one more nice delightful excursion to the Swago vicinity in sight. The following notes by the way, tells the story to some extent.

Thursday morning Greenbrier Valley was shrouded with a mist such as rarely occurs for density and moisture. The matting on the porches and carpets in the halls, were wringing wet from the condensation.

The magnifying effects on all objects were remarkable. At about nine o'clock I set out, staff in hand, for a pedestrian jaunt to attend the marriage as arranged for three or four miles away.

About opposite the Kee Rocks a horseman apparently of gigantic proportions appeared looming up in the mist and near enough

was recognized as one of the veterans that survive those who trotted with Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek. The features of this Union veteran showed

nothing however of the grim visage of war, for as he met me, he was all smiles and insinuated that

I must have some expectation of being at a wedding, judging from appearances.

A mile or so further on the home of another Union veteran came to view, looking about as large as the capitol at Washington as seen through the strange mist.

I found him getting ready for the wedding and looking for me to come along. And when he told me he had two horses doing nothing, and proposed that I should ride one and he the other, he found it one of the easiest things he ever tried in his life to get my consent to what was proposed.

Thereupon I hung up my walking stick, dined with the family and immediately after dinner two persons on white horses were heading for the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. William McNeill on Dry Branch.

Swago, one of the most headlong streams in this region, was on one of its periodical rampages, but our strong horses, braved the waters successfully and safely and the home in question was soon reached.

I had been to the Levels and on my return stopped at Aunt Phoebe McNeill's to have a few words with that saintly old friend who had always kind words and blessing for me, whenever we met.

William and I shall always wish you well, and be a good boy."

I told me that Granny Saun-

ders was up in the loft, very sick,

where the Bridger boys had their pioneer home, and whose tragic taking off at the Bridger Notch in 1786 is one of the saddest events in record in Pocahontas pioneer annals.

Forty or fifty relatives and friends assembled and everything passed off in the most approved and pleasant style, where the best of feeling ruled and kindest wishes expressed for the esteemed young people whose lives were now blended as one.

Three or four weeks previously the groom was best man at a marriage that came near a mournful ending. The groom in question, was from the western part of the State and when starting home with his bride the party attempted to canoe the Greenbrier at Buckley eddy near the Buckeye station, the canoe collided with floating ice and was overturned, throwing five or six persons into water chin-deep, two of them being the bride and her sister. All however turned out to be well, that ended in them escaping safely to land on the right side of the river.

An interesting feature of Swago society, declares itself in the praiseworthy fact that so many of the young people appear to have read Miss Phoebe Cary's poems to a good practical purpose.

"Tell me not in idle jingle."

Marriage is an empty dream,

For the girl is dead that's single

And things are not what they seem.

"Married life is real earnest,

Single blessedness a fib,

Ta'en from man, to man returnest

Has been spoken of the rib."

Hence it is when the right one comes along and talks to the purpose a wedding materializes in due time.

There it much to attract the attention and charm the imagination of the events that fill the chapter of our lives.

While it may be true that there is something enchanting in summer evenings, pearly wintry mornings, rainbows, songless and solitary forests, the reason of all this is only understood by the teachings of true youthful attachments; a confidential and tender relation of one to one, introduces to this felicitous state of being and feeling and is really the nameless enchantment of our human lives.

Like a certain divine fervor, and enthusiasm, a passion seizes on humanity at one period of a person's history and brings about a revolution in mind and body, that unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civil relations, carries such a one with new sympathy into nature's grand appearances, referred to, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to the individual character something in the guise of heroic and sacred attributes thus establishing marriage and giving permanence to all that human social relations imply in the commonwealth at large. How suggestive is the scene where youthful persons plighted their vows, the world before them where to choose their lot, and Providence their guide. In the language of one of the poorest writers of the century just passed, the wish is sincerely expressed, "That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations thus expressed, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on forever."

A visit to Swago most always awakens vivid recollections of old Granny Diana Saunders, one of

remarkable picturesque characters that figured in pioneer social relations for so many years and of whom the young bride is a worthy descendant. The last time I ever saw this good old lady was in August 1852.

I had been to the Levels and on my return stopped at Aunt Phoebe McNeill's to have a few words with that saintly old friend who had always kind words and blessing for me, whenever we met.

William and I shall always wish you well, and be a good boy."

I told me that Granny Saun-

ders was up in the loft, very sick,

and no doubt she would like to see me.

I climbed the stairs and found my old friend in the attic, next to the roof and there was quite a scene, when she found out who I was, and exclaimed in her enthusiastic way, "Oh what will all my mercies and blessings come to yet, when a college boy thinks enough of me to come and see poor old Granny Saunders!"

"Billy you have come just in time to see me off, I am here on the last bed I shall ever fill in this world. You see I am here in the lot just as high as I can get to meet my good Lord who is coming for me, right away."

In her ecstasy she tried to sing, something she had never been able to do in her life, turn a tune, she made a curious noise, like weird crooning, and then checked herself, "Oh I liked to have forgotten myself, I cannot sing but Billy there is one thing I can do I can praise the Lord, if I can sing. The good Lord knows I would sing if I could, and so I will praise Him." And then she had a lively time shouting in her way and from the strength of her voice it did not impress me that she was at near off, as she imagined herself to be.

When she quieted down we took leave of each other, she urged me to meet her in the Father's house for she would be so glad to have me there where she expected to be soon. Though she recovered and lived ten or fifteen years longer, we never met again. Dear old lady, happy are those who have had friends like her and old Phoebe to pray for them.

One of the guests upon this happy occasion was venerable John Adkisson another relative of the venerated Mrs. Saunders, now far advanced in the seventies.

He suggested a facious idea about money matters. He had noticed some people had a preference for silver money, some for gold money, others for paper money, but he believed there were people around that day whose preferences was for matri-mony.

At sunset the white horses were saddled and mounted. In the meantime Swago had been filling up and seemed more boisterous than before, if possible. But the sure footed strong horses were equal to the occasion and the two fords were made in safety and says "Sir, I am an ex-member!"

and the gentleman passes on and leaves him undisturbed. On the

gallery where they belong as it is positively against the rules for them to be crowding in there. Then the wise guy draws himself up in a very dignified way and says "Sir, I am an ex-member!"

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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE LEGISLATURE

THE EDITOR MAKES A TRIP TO THE SETTLEMENT

The Capital and Legislators.—The Three Houses.—Republicans Discriminate Against Negroes.—A Batch of Other Matter.

Last week we went to Charles-
ton and found the Legislature in
full blast. The editor